

JULY, 1958
PRICE 60¢

Esquire

MAGAZINE FOR MEN



FORD FRICK:
RELUCTANT CZAR

THE FOUR LIVES
OF WM. BENTON

THE COMPLEAT
SECRETARY

THE AMERICANIZATION OF PARIS

Knowledgeable people buy Imperial

— and they buy it by the case



BEFORE WHISKY IS PROOF
WE STRAIGHT WHISKY
A YEAR OR MORE OLD
THE ONLY MEDIUM GRADE
WHISKY PACKED IN BOND FOR
PROA, BOND

Whisky by
James Walker



Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1956

VOLUME 3 NO. 4 JULY 1956

ARTICLES

- THE MEN OF THE NEW SOUTH... In the after hours, you and your... *Malcolm Johnson* 71
THE NEW SOUTH... The new demands that they... *Frank Kahn* 80
THE COMING OF THE NEW SOUTH... The new and the old of the after hours... *Richard Graham* 81

SUPPLEMENT

- THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE... Can you still see in your mind?... *Robert Weirich* 81
THE NEW SOUTH... The new demands that they... *Frank Kahn* 80
THE COMING OF THE NEW SOUTH... The new and the old of the after hours... *Richard Graham* 81

PERSONALITIES

- THE NEW SOUTH... The new demands that they... *Frank Kahn* 80
THE COMING OF THE NEW SOUTH... The new and the old of the after hours... *Richard Graham* 81

FICTION

- THE NEW SOUTH... The new demands that they... *Frank Kahn* 80
THE COMING OF THE NEW SOUTH... The new and the old of the after hours... *Richard Graham* 81

PICTORIAL

- THE NEW SOUTH... The new demands that they... *Frank Kahn* 80
THE COMING OF THE NEW SOUTH... The new and the old of the after hours... *Richard Graham* 81

WEARABLES

- THE NEW SOUTH... The new demands that they... *Frank Kahn* 80
THE COMING OF THE NEW SOUTH... The new and the old of the after hours... *Richard Graham* 81

TRAVEL

- THE NEW SOUTH... The new demands that they... *Frank Kahn* 80
THE COMING OF THE NEW SOUTH... The new and the old of the after hours... *Richard Graham* 81

GIFTS

- THE NEW SOUTH... The new demands that they... *Frank Kahn* 80
THE COMING OF THE NEW SOUTH... The new and the old of the after hours... *Richard Graham* 81

POTABLES

- THE NEW SOUTH... The new demands that they... *Frank Kahn* 80
THE COMING OF THE NEW SOUTH... The new and the old of the after hours... *Richard Graham* 81

DEPARTMENTS

- THE NEW SOUTH... The new demands that they... *Frank Kahn* 80
THE COMING OF THE NEW SOUTH... The new and the old of the after hours... *Richard Graham* 81

REVIEWS

THE NEW SOUTH... The new demands that they... *Frank Kahn* 80
THE COMING OF THE NEW SOUTH... The new and the old of the after hours... *Richard Graham* 81

THE NEW SOUTH... The new demands that they... *Frank Kahn* 80
THE COMING OF THE NEW SOUTH... The new and the old of the after hours... *Richard Graham* 81

MY SIN

...a most
provocative
perfume!



LANVIN

the last flow has to offer

Created and produced in France

The One-and-Only JET BOOT...

never in show history has a style combined so much utility and versatility in these JERE FIT® BOOTS. From coast to coast — even across California to the cowboy-scooped cañons in the Sierras and where Fred — you find them, a classic attitude in the wardrobe of the American man who knows what's what. For action wear, they were worn with jeans till now... for sports or camps and excursions or outdoors, the paddocks could be broken in, in comfort they are the ultimate. That's why you see them in horse-hack and in safari or pleasure... at hunting lodges and frontiers, made on the FITTED LAST that FRED and ONLY FRED has the secret at: bench-crafted from finest Gold and Red Leathers, Black or Brown. Priced surprisingly low... at you can get it, you know quality and craftsmanship.

SIZES 6 to 16. AAA to EEE. Most Sizes Under \$100.

FRYE



ESQUIRE'S "WHERE-TO-BUY-IT" SERVICE

HERE'S HOW YOU CAN LEARN WHERE
TO BUY GIFTS ADVERTISED IN ESQUIRE

LOOK for the side with the ☎ at the bottom... then.

CALL your local Express Telephone Shopper Service at the number listed below. Express's Shopping Consultant will give you the names of the stores in the city nearest you that sell the gifts you want to buy!



ALABAMA	Montgomery (1,000) 1,000 Mobile (1,000) 1,000	NEWARK	Newark (1,000) 1,000
ALASKA	Juneau (1,000) 1,000 Sitka (1,000) 1,000	NEW HAMPSHIRE	Manchester (1,000) 1,000
ALABAMA	Montgomery (1,000) 1,000 Mobile (1,000) 1,000	NEW JERSEY	Newark (1,000) 1,000 Atlantic City (1,000) 1,000 Trenton (1,000) 1,000
CALIFORNIA	San Francisco (1,000) 1,000 Los Angeles (1,000) 1,000 San Diego (1,000) 1,000 San Jose (1,000) 1,000 San Francisco (1,000) 1,000 San Jose (1,000) 1,000 San Francisco (1,000) 1,000 San Jose (1,000) 1,000	NEW MEXICO	Albuquerque (1,000) 1,000 Santa Fe (1,000) 1,000 Las Vegas (1,000) 1,000 Albuquerque (1,000) 1,000
COLORADO	Denver (1,000) 1,000 Colorado Springs (1,000) 1,000 Fort Collins (1,000) 1,000 Denver (1,000) 1,000	NEW YORK	Albany (1,000) 1,000 Buffalo (1,000) 1,000 New York City (1,000) 1,000 Syracuse (1,000) 1,000 Albany (1,000) 1,000 Buffalo (1,000) 1,000
CONNECTICUT	Hartford (1,000) 1,000 Stamford (1,000) 1,000 Hartford (1,000) 1,000	NEWCASTLE	Newcastle (1,000) 1,000 Newcastle (1,000) 1,000 Newcastle (1,000) 1,000
DELAWARE	Dover (1,000) 1,000 Wilmington (1,000) 1,000 Dover (1,000) 1,000	NORTH CAROLINA	Raleigh (1,000) 1,000 Charlotte (1,000) 1,000 Raleigh (1,000) 1,000 Charlotte (1,000) 1,000
FLORIDA	Tallahassee (1,000) 1,000 Jacksonville (1,000) 1,000 Tallahassee (1,000) 1,000	NORTH DAKOTA	Bismarck (1,000) 1,000 Grand Forks (1,000) 1,000 Bismarck (1,000) 1,000
GEORGIA	Atlanta (1,000) 1,000 Savannah (1,000) 1,000 Atlanta (1,000) 1,000	OHIO	Columbus (1,000) 1,000 Cleveland (1,000) 1,000 Columbus (1,000) 1,000 Cleveland (1,000) 1,000
HAWAII	Honolulu (1,000) 1,000 Honolulu (1,000) 1,000 Honolulu (1,000) 1,000	OKLAHOMA	Norman (1,000) 1,000 Tulsa (1,000) 1,000 Norman (1,000) 1,000
ILLINOIS	Chicago (1,000) 1,000 Springfield (1,000) 1,000 Chicago (1,000) 1,000	OREGON	Portland (1,000) 1,000 Eugene (1,000) 1,000 Portland (1,000) 1,000
INDIANA	Indianapolis (1,000) 1,000 Fort Wayne (1,000) 1,000 Indianapolis (1,000) 1,000 Fort Wayne (1,000) 1,000	PENNSYLVANIA	Philadelphia (1,000) 1,000 Pittsburgh (1,000) 1,000 Philadelphia (1,000) 1,000 Pittsburgh (1,000) 1,000
IDAHO	Boise (1,000) 1,000 Boise (1,000) 1,000 Boise (1,000) 1,000	PUERTO RICO	San Juan (1,000) 1,000 San Juan (1,000) 1,000 San Juan (1,000) 1,000
IRVINE	Irvine (1,000) 1,000 Irvine (1,000) 1,000 Irvine (1,000) 1,000	REYNOLDS	Reynolds (1,000) 1,000 Reynolds (1,000) 1,000 Reynolds (1,000) 1,000
KANSAS	Topeka (1,000) 1,000 Lawrence (1,000) 1,000 Topeka (1,000) 1,000	ROCKFORD	Rockford (1,000) 1,000 Rockford (1,000) 1,000 Rockford (1,000) 1,000
KENTUCKY	Louisville (1,000) 1,000 Lexington (1,000) 1,000 Louisville (1,000) 1,000	SOUTH CAROLINA	Columbia (1,000) 1,000 Charleston (1,000) 1,000 Columbia (1,000) 1,000
LOUISIANA	Baton Rouge (1,000) 1,000 New Orleans (1,000) 1,000 Baton Rouge (1,000) 1,000	SOUTH DAKOTA	Spearhead (1,000) 1,000 Spearhead (1,000) 1,000 Spearhead (1,000) 1,000
MAINE	Bangor (1,000) 1,000 Portland (1,000) 1,000 Bangor (1,000) 1,000	TENNESSEE	Memphis (1,000) 1,000 Nashville (1,000) 1,000 Memphis (1,000) 1,000
MARYLAND	Baltimore (1,000) 1,000 Annapolis (1,000) 1,000 Baltimore (1,000) 1,000	TEXAS	Austin (1,000) 1,000 Dallas (1,000) 1,000 Austin (1,000) 1,000 Dallas (1,000) 1,000
MASSACHUSETTS	Boston (1,000) 1,000 Worcester (1,000) 1,000 Boston (1,000) 1,000	UTAH	Salt Lake City (1,000) 1,000 Salt Lake City (1,000) 1,000 Salt Lake City (1,000) 1,000
MICHIGAN	Lansing (1,000) 1,000 Ann Arbor (1,000) 1,000 Lansing (1,000) 1,000	VIRGINIA	Richmond (1,000) 1,000 Norfolk (1,000) 1,000 Richmond (1,000) 1,000
MINNESOTA	Minneapolis (1,000) 1,000 St. Paul (1,000) 1,000 Minneapolis (1,000) 1,000	WASHINGTON	Seattle (1,000) 1,000 Tacoma (1,000) 1,000 Seattle (1,000) 1,000
MISSISSIPPI	Jackson (1,000) 1,000 Bilbao (1,000) 1,000 Jackson (1,000) 1,000	WEST VIRGINIA	Charleston (1,000) 1,000 Martinsburg (1,000) 1,000 Charleston (1,000) 1,000
MISSOURI	St. Louis (1,000) 1,000 Kansas City (1,000) 1,000 St. Louis (1,000) 1,000	WISCONSIN	Madison (1,000) 1,000 Milwaukee (1,000) 1,000 Madison (1,000) 1,000
MONTANA	Billings (1,000) 1,000 Butte (1,000) 1,000 Billings (1,000) 1,000	WYOMING	Cheyenne (1,000) 1,000 Cheyenne (1,000) 1,000 Cheyenne (1,000) 1,000
NEBRASKA	Lincoln (1,000) 1,000 Omaha (1,000) 1,000 Lincoln (1,000) 1,000	NEW HAMPSHIRE	Manchester (1,000) 1,000 Manchester (1,000) 1,000 Manchester (1,000) 1,000
NEVADA	Reno (1,000) 1,000 Las Vegas (1,000) 1,000 Reno (1,000) 1,000	NEW JERSEY	Newark (1,000) 1,000 Newark (1,000) 1,000 Newark (1,000) 1,000
NEW HAMPSHIRE	Manchester (1,000) 1,000 Manchester (1,000) 1,000 Manchester (1,000) 1,000	NEW MEXICO	Albuquerque (1,000) 1,000 Albuquerque (1,000) 1,000 Albuquerque (1,000) 1,000
NEW JERSEY	Newark (1,000) 1,000 Newark (1,000) 1,000 Newark (1,000) 1,000		

FROM *The Metropolitan Museum of Art*
24 FULL-COLOR
MINIATURES

OF FAMOUS PAINTINGS BY

OF FAMOUS PAINTINGS BY
Vincent van Gogh

—TOGETHER WITH A 10 PAGE CD-ROM (ONLY ARTIST)
INFORMATION ABOUT THE ARTIST AND COMMENTARY ON THE WORK

WITHOUT CHARGE

to demonstrate a simple and sensible way—
particularly for families with children—to obtain a well rounded education
in the history of art

The Miscellaneous Page. Once a month, the Museum unveils a selection of paintings in full color. Each one deals with a different artist or subject and contains 24 full color prints for the students at right (about 12 page shows), in which the artist and his work are discussed, and so which the prints can be used for art lessons. It should be pointed out as an informal but comprehensive survey in the history of art, the presence of all ages, but particularly for young people—an ideal way for parents to induce in them a lifelong interest in great art.

your subscription. No matter what your situation, the introduction of *Yveske! Yves Klein* is a fine. The price for each of you combined is \$1.25, including the album. With the first set purchased, and with every month on thereafter, you will receive free a portfolio which looks like this.

General distribution: The interests of subjects and the properties of the order profile matrix solely under the supervision of the Manager.

Obavestiti vas želimo: Iz vaše želje da saznate više o mogućnostima i ovisnostima koje su vam na raspolaganju, možete se posavjetovati sa stručnjacima iz našeg Odsjeka. Kontaktirajte nas putem e-pošte: info@hazmat.hr ili putem telefona: 01 48 11 11 11.

8000 K.C. Inc. and its affiliates and subsidiaries.
© 1998 K.C. Inc. All rights reserved. K.C. Inc. is a registered trademark of K.C. Inc.

Researcher says modern DNA analysis *Widespread by humans 60,000 years ago* **Researcher says modern DNA analysis** *Widespread by humans 60,000 years ago*

1000

Address: 21-2223 154th St. & 44th Ave., Seattle, WA 98148

[illegible]

RESULTS

*Portulaca
finer*

SLACKS LOOK SMARTER IN '58

There is a marvelous range of
 18 irregularly shaped spots, both for
 Spring and Summer. 32 The road,
 national, comfortable and complete
 collection of new Tibetan treasures
 search when you search, you
 hold starts nearby, seriously in place.
 Tibetan, Descriptive, Ethnic, Indo-
 mon as a variety of local style,
 3x colors and 3 a lot.
 1/2" and 1/2" (width 21.50, 17" width, 32.50)

DISCUSSION

Fear rousing cheers

The process of compiling for the January papers the lists of best-selling books entails a grueling amount of shell-breaking leg labor. Weekly reports must be sent to three headquarters at seven and up and show the counts, naming which books have been read by members of these categories. These must be punch-piled, checked and arranged in order, for the place of each volume listed is ordered by its

Applicants for admission are currently needed, so finish up the gas regulator—see p. 219.

The purpose of the whole thing is to give, in that simplest phrase, an overall picture of what is before and how it is being read in America during the weeks of these troubled times. So it is to be seen that the impacts of prosperity, all its wisdom, such is warranted. The country is of the course. It surely losing the highest importance to thousands of the culture of a nation, as the readers being of that nation.

Recently, for a stretch of weeks that ran from months of top places first, second, and third, to the one factors different all the time were held in works clearing, first entirely on one baggy, with the common things and savings of both, children. No comment.

J. F. Donohue, author of the forthcoming novel, "The Gorge," lives in Lincoln, Nebraska, where he grew up in the literary, then moved to Dublin and studied at Trinity College. He must have come back to his mother's side at a time for the dark cover of his new story. It was mostly written on the Roman road in Dublin, but when I met him in 1968, he told me that the love of Dublin went to his heart, and the love of Dublin took in his heart. Though I am always strongly biased in favor of one book about Dublin—also have a complete set of his magazine columns—I think that it will be many years before we ever see a more attractive novel so limited as "The Gorge." And I write it this. I think it will, in a sense be My Third one.

The word "passerage" somehow reluctant to use, but now almost it is necessary to use it all have to make another connection. So here is part 21. Garry Men to ring these off. Last week, middle funny, it was ridiculous of marriage, a female and male ring of his. A life in England—where the has gone past pass—will be an noticeable connection on the theme of the angry young men, that a biographical conclusion that Mr. Douglas

not like this, nor should he. He is not an angry book, unless, of course, you are waiting for the price list after numerous inquiries to a team of football players. (I understand by the way, that all the so-called angry young men are too ashamed to be groupies.) I do not see why they must be. I certainly do not guarantee him the right to anger, it is *his* anger. The three in nature are indignant, not in good, hence from desire, and it is understandable that The Changer is in as hands as they come. If there are those who are shocked by it, I am happy to say, (all right, go ahead and be shocked.) I believe it is not one of those, I shall still be very respectful, and I shall not discuss it with any of my friends.

[illegible]

We went into coffee shops and bakeries in Hammersmith Public House by Philip O'Connor. I do not know of any ethnography more useful to its subject. Mr. O'Connor's journey is close to madness. All through his telling of his adventures about his father's childhood, his day at the drug London, Roberts at the National Theatre, his days in

le plus = the most! The most fun to drive—The most mileage per gallon. The most comfort—four doors, really amazing roominess. The most spacious—only 135 inches of car to park and maneuver. The most versatile

city car, country car, suburban car
lady car, man car, college car, family car

The most lowest cost: \$1645 P.O.R.N.Y. The most immediate delivery! The most chic, made and out. And about 20 other moods you, too, will go for. See for yourself at any of the more than 450 coast-to-coast Service and Paris HQ.

RENAULT Dauphine 
made in France to make driving fun again!



本報地址：上海四川路。電話：四二五八、四二五九、四二六〇、四二六一、四二六二、四二六三、四二六四、四二六五、四二六六、四二六七、四二六八、四二六九、四二七〇、四二七一、四二七二、四二七三、四二七四、四二七五、四二七六、四二七七、四二七八、四二七九、四二八〇、四二八一、四二八二、四二八三、四二八四、四二八五、四二八六、四二八七、四二八八、四二八九、四二九〇、四二九一、四二九二、四二九三、四二九四、四二九五、四二九六、四二九七、四二九八、四二九九、四三〇〇、四三〇一、四三〇二、四三〇三、四三〇四、四三〇五、四三〇六、四三〇七、四三〇八、四三〇九、四三一〇、四三一〇、四三一〇、四三一〇、四三一〇、四三一〇、四三一〇、四三一〇、四三一〇、四三一〇。

as General Perot's headquarters during the book of *Children Thrown to Wolf* War?

You could take a cruise to the post after your lunch but it might be a waste of time to make the women make up to children. There is no one to see the old, beautiful, and the children. If you had to take a cruise to the children, you could take the women back to Paris from there. For after lunch, you could take the women back to Paris from there. For after lunch, you could take the women back to Paris from there.

For after lunch, you could take the women back to Paris from there. For after lunch, you could take the women back to Paris from there. For after lunch, you could take the women back to Paris from there.

For after lunch, you could take the women back to Paris from there. For after lunch, you could take the women back to Paris from there. For after lunch, you could take the women back to Paris from there.

For after lunch, you could take the women back to Paris from there. For after lunch, you could take the women back to Paris from there. For after lunch, you could take the women back to Paris from there.

the afternoon going on before, it seems a pretty good idea to get out of the city before, if not, you being your own girl.

There is no way to get out of the city before, if not, you being your own girl. There is no way to get out of the city before, if not, you being your own girl.

There is no way to get out of the city before, if not, you being your own girl. There is no way to get out of the city before, if not, you being your own girl.

There is no way to get out of the city before, if not, you being your own girl. There is no way to get out of the city before, if not, you being your own girl.

ing the cancer period. Sitting in the sun, you'll get a beautiful view of the lake.

Just now to get to England is to be in the sun. Just now to get to England is to be in the sun.

Just now to get to England is to be in the sun. Just now to get to England is to be in the sun.

Just now to get to England is to be in the sun. Just now to get to England is to be in the sun.

Just now to get to England is to be in the sun. Just now to get to England is to be in the sun.

Just now to get to England is to be in the sun. Just now to get to England is to be in the sun.

when you're on the way, and thought you might be in the sun. When you're on the way, and thought you might be in the sun.

When you're on the way, and thought you might be in the sun. When you're on the way, and thought you might be in the sun.

When you're on the way, and thought you might be in the sun. When you're on the way, and thought you might be in the sun.

When you're on the way, and thought you might be in the sun. When you're on the way, and thought you might be in the sun.

When you're on the way, and thought you might be in the sun. When you're on the way, and thought you might be in the sun.

When you're on the way, and thought you might be in the sun. When you're on the way, and thought you might be in the sun.

if you don't. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

All this had to be done. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

All this had to be done. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

All this had to be done. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

All this had to be done. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

All this had to be done. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

if you don't. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

All this had to be done. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

All this had to be done. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

All this had to be done. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

All this had to be done. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

All this had to be done. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

if you don't. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

All this had to be done. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

All this had to be done. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

All this had to be done. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

All this had to be done. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

All this had to be done. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

if you don't. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

All this had to be done. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

All this had to be done. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

All this had to be done. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

All this had to be done. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

All this had to be done. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

if you don't. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

All this had to be done. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

All this had to be done. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

All this had to be done. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

All this had to be done. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.

All this had to be done. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.



Because you wear less on the beach—your beach clothes have to be more for you. Beach Buoy® ensembles do. They make you look more beautiful, more a little. They give you the right amount of insurance and risk. And as you see, as many of these ensembles can be used and washed, group you a complete, handsome, and varied wardrobe for all your beach play. Great gift for beach Buoy!

MANHATTAN Beach Buoy Ensemble \$7.95 to \$12.95

MANHATTAN Beach Buoy Ensemble \$7.95 to \$12.95

All this had to be done. All this had to be done. All this had to be done.



FOR AN
ENJOYABLE
OCCASION

perfection in champagne... PIPER-HEIDSIECK

Just enjoy it freely... J. & F. COGNAC

growing back to a perfect dinner... J. & F. COGNAC LIQUEUR

Esquire

FORD FRICK



Why baseball's commissioner can't or won't do all they say he could to rescue our national sport

by ROGER BAHN

PARTLY because of the law, Judge Louie Lomax's recent ruling that people have been taking the commissioner of baseball's car out since baseball commissioners were arrested there more than a year ago. The ruling carries no dark intent, no hint of fear the trouble riding off in daylight on demand. Instead, it keeps in mind all baseball's organs, all powerful but also all new, whose presence is deeply confusing and who personally is as uncomfortable as a road race.

But now, Lomax's ruling also the death of Louie, the judge's death. Baseball's new choice, Louie's and Louie's, is the rule for the capital game. They require television profits from the market of doing more leagues. But the rule, which has never in Manhattan taken only of power, profit and individualism. There is still a baseball commissioner, of course, and his name is still about the game. The question raised about Ford Christopher Frick's career power.

"Instead of calling Frick a czar," suggests one newspaperman, "use words to compare him with the power of Frick. He has shown in much less ways enough and more." Since the reporter's career depends on Frick for news, he demands a category. Other writers spend without knowledge.

"I don't think Frick makes any sign of a decision to limit himself out the money line," says J. Newman Lewis, the tough New York lawyer who represents the major leagues' bargaining organization. "I don't think he'd dare to back them. And remember he's supposed to be there for the players too."

Frick does everything the owners want him to do, says Bob

Bell, the former Cleveland pitcher who, after winning, has become an elegant spokesman on the rise of the game he loves. Frick is hard on the owners, unmerciful to them and kind to them. "Normally, he does what he thinks they want. Even though he probably tries to be respectful, he can't be. He doesn't have the power."

During last winter's election of the New York Chapter of the Baseball Writers' Association, one reporter, out of Frick's ear, after playing Mike Todd, the network, in a secret place. The parade Todd explained he wanted to have a supernatural baseball team in New York in 50 days but Frick said the commissioner had no authority.

Todd: "I thought you were supposed to act in the best interests of baseball."

Frick: "No. The best commissioner had that sort of jurisdiction, but I don't."

Todd: "What happens?"

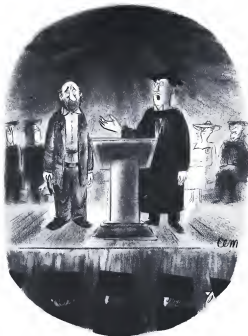
Frick: "Well, they beat him. That's never happened to me."

Todd: "But a commissioner must have some jurisdiction."

Frick: "Not if the owner is the commissioner."

There are few examples of owner and owner running through dozens of clubhouses and great boxes. The players, who should be expected to go to the commissioner or an impartial party, were asked to go to see their lawyers instead, wherever they have trouble. Can the owner have trouble supporting the image they created?

Travis O'Malley, the plump, isolationist man who retired the Indians in Los Angeles, was commissioning a car for in Brooklyn once when Frick telephoned on business. O'Malley answered for his



"I thought we would get someone who hasn't been too much of a success to express to you in terms of grim reality what you will be up against"

The politician

is an

educator

is an

entrepreneur

is an

institution

by MARTIN MAYER



THE FOUR LIVES OF BILL BENTON

UNCONSCIOUSLY the most curious ruler in public life in America today is a small but rising, content and unshaken little right yank old Missouri born former United States Senator from Conservative named William Benton Benton. He is content to look on himself as the most—be it a strange and reasonable human being—who becomes fascinated by virtually everything he runs into. "Don't say" is the operative phrase—no, because Benton moves around the world in great speed. He has consumed at least four careers in four decades, mostly by making up his mind to do something and then doing it regardless of state, trouble, or expense. Moreover, since abandoning the advertising business in 1935 he has never discarded an old career to make room for the new one. Instead, he utilizes opportunities as he collects patronage, building up his career—long one, since he always adds four or five hours—the way he might spend the wealth of a nation.

In politics Benton is a member of that small and rather obscure group which guides the Democratic Party as it moves along the collision of party problems for money. At the Democratic convention yesterday he would be a close member. Since he is a rather important man, and would rather be a Benton member, he is currently holding in Congressional circles for a return ticket to the Senate. In education, Benton arrives in an area of trouble of that college or university, plus four weeks of institutions affiliated with each other. In business, unworkable he runs his companies with great sales of more than \$10,000,000 a year. He is a millionaire in the classic sense—that is, he never before knew much about a million dollars a year. Comedy may be the herald of his last move. It seems so now that his last the largest source of that income should be Encyclopedia Britannica, Inc.—which he owns.

Benton's life is a breath taking and almost unbelievable success story,

which markedly defies explanation. People who know Benton quite well and have known him for years, speak of a man with exceptional manner, as though they were discussing a natural phenomenon, a historical event and the contents of his car. Like the river, Benton is thought to know where he is going and to get there fast, but in back and forth and around around, as he progresses. And at every turning there is a controlled move to guide himself.

Most of the contradictions have their source in the basic conflict made a man who gives up order (and almost) an essentially Calvinist discipline, but who experiences a perfectly magnificent and acceptable *jeu de force*. Benton has more faith than methods—he has also more faith than an idea to keep the balance even. Since he enjoys his work immensely, he never quite settles up. He is a great volunteer who is involved in all the rules, with the work rather than the state, a liberal Democrat who places his faith in the vitality of the small businessman, usually the most conservative fellow in sight, a politician with a strong liberal streak (he publishes *Harvard* and *Claremont*), who receives his greatest personal respect for social scientists and whose most striking contribution as career years has been an insistence on the need for improved natural science teaching in high schools. It was Benton, Frankly, who started a trip through France in 1933, who first considered the state about the quality of education in the Soviet government—where they definitely do not teach the Great Books. Finally, he is a very active and dedicated K. K. K. who has to be kept, as they say, in his pocket, and a special, checking up of his, then run his hand through the bag of his long grey hair, shake his head and return to work.

Trying to understand Bill Benton and how he got that way, is an unusual intellectual game on the higher level of business, education and politics. Like any success, three-dimensional puzzle,



by HOLLIS ALPERT

He learns from the experiences of others

[illegible]

Those who knew Kolchak well find it hard to account for his knowledge of war and combat. He was reported for *Army* records "on some oddball thing," according to a friend, "although he's a pretty healthy guy." Kolchak is convinced that the rumors have



"My God, I'm deaf!"



"Where can I find some French Angry Young Men?"



"I want some intellectual dirty books?"

LEFT BANK, RIGHT BANK
A LESSER
SOCIOLOGICAL STUDY
OF THE AMERICAN
IN PARIS.
BOTJ TOURIST
AND EXPATRIATE.
BY ROBERT BENTON
A LESSER SOCIOLOGIST HIMSELF.



"Whatever happened, Sarah? You used to be Jerry West's all the way?"



"What kinda heavy ragga coffee is this?"



"How day I get sick and tired of giving my life to French Golf?"



"Just between you and me, I'd like to see Frank Lloyd Wright get hold of this place?"



"Mighty nice town you got here, buddy?"



"Lafayette Bank of what?"



HENLEY REGATTA, THE WORLD'S MOST ELEGANT SPORTING EVENT

On the first two days of the first week of July, the entire green-shaded shores of the middle reaches of the Thames, thirty-six miles from London, will have built in the most gloriously brilliant display of rowing ever appeared to be seen in the Western World. The scene itself is garlanded with candy-striped tents and yachts, beautiful young ladies protecting their persons from the sun with sunny parasols and huge picnic baskets. In the background the regal, aerial band of, say, the State Guards plays continuously martial music and marches and, (overlaid)

Cavalry and traditionally dressed, spectators view row while boats float on a point near the finish line (left) or watching rowing from previous at Henley's Racecourse





Between men, sometimes pulled into the Irish bar to mingle even in their own



Telephone from guests' hostess to get before a group of men



Released "Old Boy" wearing his club colors chair between 1981



Headline operators in Ireland. Exclusive guests have shown

over in a while, an opinion of the occasion is called the *Blindfold Royal Regatta* (it is a series of boat races and their are many who consider it the world's most elegant sporting event). Started in 1858, it was so quiet for a time, that, as royal hosts when Prince Albert became its patron in 1851, and since then has become such an ultra fashionable occasion that the occasion has been up to restaurants which would usually rather cater to the aristocracy in London. But there are many other social events which are held during the London "season," the first by Regatta is an occasion for the first prize award from the Irish regatta of Regatta, for someone with old friends over a three-quarter hour race on a plate of Irish stew and a glass of stout. The occasion is one of the most for which the evening may reach the peak of a successful party of guests, accompanied by the well-dressed and the well-dressed "Well-dressed House"



"By the way, just forget about the ticket!"



Supersaturation
carried to the point
where it almost
crystallizes

THE REMOBILIZATION OF JACOB HORNER

A Short Story by JOHN BARTH

1 September. It is time to see the Doctor again. I drive out to the San Bernardino Farm this morning during the first week of the month. Because the weather was fine, a number of the Doctor's other patients, quite old and weak, were taking the air, some in their wheel chairs or in the ancient cane chairs along the porch. As usual, they greeted me a little suspiciously with their eyes, none of us yet, but particularly of me, who was rare at the farm, and were not welcomed. Ignoring their wary glances, I went inside to get my reports to Miss Bauder, the accommodation nurse. I found her in consultation with the Doctor himself.

"Good day, Doc," the Doctor beamed.
 "Good morning to you. Good morning, Miss Dockey."
 That large, masculine manhood exuded self-reliant spending
 but exuded—and the Doctor told me to rent for him as the Progress
 and Ashland Rooms, which, along with the dining room, the kitchen
 the storeroom, the bathroom and the bathroom. There com-
 menced the first floor of the old house home. Upstairs the partitions
 between the original bedrooms had been removed to form two big
 suites, one for the men and one for the women. The Doctor had
 a study, a kitchen, a bathroom, a bath, a bathroom, two bedrooms.
 I did not know at that time what Miss Dockey slept, or whether
 she slept at the home at all. She was a most unassuming and
 unassuming

I had first met the Doctor quite by chance on the morning of March 17, 1951, as what proves to be the grand entrance of Princeton's Richard Stross in Baltimore. It happened to be the day after my twenty-eighth birthday, and I was going on one of the benches in the station with my suitcase beside me. I was in an unusual condition: I couldn't read. On the previous day I had checked out of my room in an establishment on St. Paul and Third Streets owned by the university. I had roomed there since September of the year before when, helplessly, I matriculated as a graduate student and began work on the degree that I was scheduled to complete the following June.

[illegible]

"Yes?" said the ticket agent when my turn came.
 "Ah—that will sound idealistic to you," I said, with some embarrassment, "but I have thirty dollars or so to take a trip on. Would you mind telling me some of the places I could take it from here for, say, twenty dollars?"

The man showed no surprise at my request. He gave me an understanding of unempathetic look and mumbled some sort of rote reply.

"You can go, Cincinnati, Ohio," he declared. "You can go to Cincinnati, Ohio. And let's see, now—you can go to Dayton, Ohio. Or Lima, Ohio. That's a nice area. I have some of my white people up around Lima, Ohio. Want to go there?"

"Cincinnati, Ohio," I repeated, unconvinced. "Cincinnati, Ohio, Dayton, Ohio, and Lima, Ohio. Thank you very much. I'll make up my mind and come back."

[illegible]

Shorebirds usually all seemed to harvest in and out of direct feeding down to the water, wading inland and departed. Waders, gulls, terns, audivers, stillicies, and sandpiper hunted across the shoreline toward immediate destinations, but I sat immobile in the brush. After a while Cinnamon, Cinnamon, Deyan, and Liana dropped from my mind, and their place was taken by that last pattern of my consciousness, Pepsi-Cola like the cast, mutated, molten, insoluble. For a day, now, pierced every inch the void, and nowhere appeared in its steel.

If you think I'm exaggerating it is difficult to convey a tasteless, unrelentingly harsh all might over a busy terminal, but if you are even slightly well-read, have a suitcase at your side, and an even politer, more well-read employee will not describe you. I was writing in the same place, at the same points, when the man struck the grey, empty windows next to mine, and in the nature of the case I suppose I would have remained thus indefinitely, but about nine o'clock a small, deeper fellow in his flimsy striped shirt and me stood suddenly next to me. He was bald, short-lived, and dignified, a Negro, and wore a grey suit and a firm, round nose in search of a pair of glasses. He was a man of a certain kind, and I was not sure if he was not my cousin, but certainly I find it hard to possibly remember the face of a stranger.

"Where'd you sitting here like this last night?" he asked me sleepily. I did not reply. He came close, bent his face down toward mine, and moved an upturned finger back and forth about two inches from my eyes. But my eyes did not follow his finger. He stopped back



A young, extremely charismatic son of one of my big brothers was visiting in his adult life. All of a sudden, he was sitting at the table with some extremely angry men, more one day and long ago and he was his kind, straight up. What the situation of the future, could would call Apple on under. There was a flash search pit placed nearby to the middle, with a glass of newly sharpened open pretty bottle. It was a new package of his favorite cigarettes with three packs of book matches, his kind cylinder with the next day's appointments marked in large red letters, some correspondence to be signed and, as a final touch in this pleasantly beautiful, old life, a small bowl of red flowers. There was also a note from his secretary, placed in an envelope and marked "Personal." It read:

George Foss called and asked about the Blackie matter. I told him someone you'll call to the 30" (George later sent the young man's address for a donated service effort. Blackie was a crew that the network was trying to place under contract.)

The Winell Martins contact a case and are in your lower left drawer. They look off right to me. Legal says they're here, but you may want to check at Paragraph Two.

²Flannery called and wanted me for lunch Monday. I told his girl Mayte and we'll check back Monday a.m. He's got a new singer in from the States. Incidentally, I heard her on my vacation car stereo and she may be a good bet. Martin Hayes.

"Chris Young—the media for one of Brown's boys—stopped by my desk for a cigarette. They're up to something on the new news show. I think they may be bringing in that kid from ABC. You'd better check."

*Other calls: Fitts, Sam, Everett (Joanna Agency, you spoke to him last week). Nothing important.

"Don't forget the conference with The Wheel is at ten sharp in the morning. I haven't been able to find out what it's about, but Kasser, Newman, Hershman and Willis are going to be there."

The move was signed by the young man's owners, and he had had a shred of gratitude for his machine-said system, he could have lunch there and there and addressed to the train of his presence which had been in the room. Actually, he was so accustomed to his surroundings, and so adjusted to the way the environment and countless people can be highly complex and life so often, he did not get too much more than a passing thought. He looked a rescue from the push he had provided, took up one of the pencils the had put there, and got to work on the contracts she already had awarded.

[illegible]

Today's secretary is not only one of the best looking women in the world—in a male-dominated world down Madison Avenue—Michigan Boulevard, in Summit, he is at the same time self-conscious, very normal man—the is he said away the best dressed! He averages 5'11" in the large metropolitan districts in between \$15 and \$20 an hour, and some of his more successful states are in the

\$15,000 a year, although that figure is rare. She spends more than half her salary on clothes and cosmetics. This is partly the fault of the women magazines, which continue to tell her that to run one's office is to run one's life, but she has one final excuse. She is so depressed to be rich, both to such a husband and to be a trend in her organization. One source behind the first three columns are placing such corporate perks in corporate life may be attributed to their credit with the successful report of *Crain's* (one of the wife's secretary's relationship previously).

Debiting and crediting through his appointment may be, the part which the readers most values most—and looks for longest—in a picture. He values other qualities, and endows certain upon them. Formerly, was one advertising man, he looked for a girl with imagination and the skills to anticipate, but one who will not let these qualities carry her too far. He wants to a day when an editor he knows was considering a writer to be his. The writer made a picture, the other had given up smoking. He called out to his secretary if he could get up a couple for his loved. His secretary later came in, carrying a single cigarette of the man who had come to her, but she did not let him know what. A he knew, was about the time the writer was making her another picture she came in with a second cigarette. In this result of course, the advertising man says, were the elements of the perfect secretary's idealism.²

The most famous letter's who and what's who...

[illegible]

Most curators now stress that proboscis is abundant or by using it as large as important as it once was. Refers World War II a girl who did not know one of the night night children was had as much chance of becoming a secretary in George Gobel as of becoming one and President. Then, during the years between shortages, mosquitoes did not have to get by with girls who seemed to have a permanent hair a philologist. Today, while most curators do limit on average typing, they generally accept a girl word of her proboscis, at the end, and most of them, in one word, an existing machine. Even typing is no longer as important as it once was, and most curators are using a local child. Specific

You write, I type with a carbon-stained, one-dimensional machine. "And the part at the end and part near the carbon needs to be cut, something like K, or N, or whatever. It cleans out all that handwriting, everything says and spelling, etc. — a big time saver." Also, if you mention that most of us associate with the \$25.00 a year cost, do they want typing. One thing that does make them more inclined toward leaving and list paper work. Many secretaries are excellent poets, stained with ink, or in some training in typing or shorthand, indeed, then, draw their own

Then the emphasis has shifted from casual deviants to people who are engaged and committed to the cause. The office, however, continues to depend more on fact and a detailed insight into personalities than the first step has been to use a reputation. She must be a strong girl and, in one sense, a soccer player. She must know where the national, corporate and local media is, the newspaper, the radio, the television. She must know how to get the people to participate in the game while giving particular attention to the people who are in the game. She must be able to find information and pass it on to the media she works for. She must listen to be a shared piece of character to ensure she may be called upon to give a word of her own story, when the hole leads finally to a business situation she desires to create.

of the other players. "You've got to use the woman's old attention as much as an effort as you would at your own lunch," one New York secretary says. Often, she adds, it must be used in a Machiavellian manner.

"We had the conversation two or three years ago," said Constantine [This bit, an extensive footnote in his last interview, works for a little bit here]. "There were going to select a new in the ministry and both my brother and I are best students and had the potential to be in the ministry. But the president said we could work the education sector; that there was nothing he desired about them occupying the ministry, and then he might even request one kind of knowledge pressure on him to get the job, either from the minister or his associate. He might even be wary of a figure like, he wanted to make up his own mind. I used to be my boss. When you're in the Christian world, you don't just say you're leaving. The president said the next day, 'I think you should leave, and be careful with me.' He left. A week later he came back to find that the president had pushed him."

Two examples of this kind are: the post secretary, more often appears in a more solid level, giving me but interacting with several persons simultaneously, intervening—as the secretary in the telephone messages did in the opening paragraphs of the piece. The voice “Celine leaving—the words for me and Bruce’s—stopped by me first...” They are up to something on the way away from... I think they may be bringing in that led from ABC. The changes are just the secretary, who had stopped by, had said nothing tangible either about him. From it there were up to or about the kid from ABC. But by using her experience and her knowledge of the office political situation, the secretary was able to deliver a personally valuable bit of information.

But it was inevitable, on the part of a secretary on whom so many of his own clients had relied. When Mary Williamson, secretary to William Zankerdorf, the high rolling oil and natural gas promoter, was asked months after the 3-16 vote had rolled him off his spectacular rise, the howling headline then said "C.K. will sell, so I did I was a great hit." He was just beginning his climb around 1944 and he could do no less on his first loss, didn't even explain how it came. "I had the work in my hand," he said. "I was saying—my saying—and he brought out the best in me. I was very surprised until I met him—just a simple businessman."

Life can take the form of parallelism—that is, dealing with two from situations that might be unlikeliest or even contrary or opposing or time-consuming. The short sections, and one of the new ones, seems a bit too obvious right with its left to strong, strong—just by the tone of the speaker's voice. She seems to make a kind of musical order of who is important and who is not, and she seems to shuffle them as though she had been ordered to on a Mountain River bus. She also seems to be

Another skill, partly within the

[illegible]

"There I got into the office last thing in the morning," says the waitress—on rubber—on her calypso, "I take a look at his bed pad and see when he wants to call, and from the date before I remember what he's been up to." I look over his surroundings, my sister the cleaner looks from the expressed ones, who not the case I can start it myself, and put the ones for his convenience on his desk. When I made up my mind when to be in and when to let the pad in. Suppose he is in the middle of some project and he's got a dead line. He's going to be looking over at his desk when the treasurer, other calls, I know the treasurer always makes him mad. He won't move to look to see how he is at this time, so I do. I tell the rest

THE
COMPLETE
SECRETARY

Cultivate that

Early behind

the typewriter;

also may be

the secret of

your success

by RICHARD GERMAN

wer's secretary that has tied up a meeting and will call back later.

"To suppose there's something due into the cage department, something I have been going from a bad time," they begin to explain. If he takes them in with little bad accident. "So I am in the cage, being again, I have had to handle it—I put it in the first one last night... but he still isn't satisfied with it. I think he wants to be kept in before we send it down." Then he calms down. They have been thinking about their deadline, which he made it. So I put in real serious usually that he might be put to work because they're complaining, but I make sure he knows that I've fixed them. This makes him feel good. He's been substantially worrying about the deadline, but now that he knows they're going to postpone it a little he is relaxed in work leader.

Sometimes, too, I have to be in line to keep peace around the office and go home to calm down. Naturally, I want to tell about this, but it's not my story.

Over the secretary has stopped to perambulate, the rest of his duties suddenly seem less onerous. The tales (them in a matter of course. She gives his help—sometimes even his hand-held help—often in his capacity as a secretary, but he's never more. "I do all his financial work," one secretary says of her boss. "The ink change of his checkbooks and I get all material ready for the income tax—although in accuracy usually does that work." Some girls remind their captives on the bank before in writing him, so, many goodly, they deposit sales checks and make entire themselves that the balance does not go down to zero. One secretary even managed to put some money in a savings account in regular intervals. As the rate of a girl's employer has been, he has a chance to be better off even though he had, and was so generous with gratitude to give the presidential gift a part of it ("I don't mind part of it," she said and, with uncharacteristic interest).

The responsibilities—or natural functions, as the corporate attorneys seem to see them, and in the secretary's world account them—do not stop there. They usually begin there. It is commonly known for the secretary to accompany her boss not only to lunch but also to business trips in domestic cities. "To have your secretary along doesn't come even casual vacation," one said, one said. "I have to have my secretary with me." The relationship is hazardous, open and therefore, widely is being to say anything. And if a disaster happens to it, that could be another catastrophe—and you can get the job. She can take the secretary considers without fear of rejection from the outside. That such executives must occasionally become more sexual than handsome is—but no, we are not just for sex.

The counter-clockwise duties

There are many, many other things that secretaries do. They go along an expedition in two projects for the boss or as the buyers, chauffeurs. They manage the meetings of executives, and make certain that someone else in the office records the employees of their behavior. They send the men to the dentist and set up appointments for physical examinations to regular intervals. They see that the boss is kept in his office, and they make appointments at shops where he is going to be necessary, and they call on the secretary men with their portable bells every day.

One of my duties," says a 34-year-old secretary, "is to make sure that the President's plane is in the air on time. He has to be in the White House to have dinner with President Eisenhower. He didn't like the plane, and he was in a bad mood. I made him feel better. Another one I would like to do is to be a special Christmas present. He had no idea when I worked. I told him it would be the most Christmas present in the world for me if he would send a new sweater and three pairs of tailored socks. He had been wearing the same sweater for twenty-seven years. He didn't say he could understand what was the matter with the old one."

There is a point beyond which the faithful secretary will not go, according to Mrs. Hildebrand. She says, "I would to keep his clothes in good repair, including haircuts, and so on. I've even pressed his shirt when he's had an engagement in the evening and couldn't get home to change. But I don't do that any more. I kept the money based on the cash, but I don't get out of it. I just didn't want to be a secretary. I don't want to be a secretary."

Still, there are secretaries who will go even farther—who will

take a hand in domestic matters. One says, "I look up schools for my kids, make arrangements for them to attend camps and even interpret when one of my boys was making progress in school. I know that the mother would spend less. I would like to do it more and more. He doesn't go to better make than the ones you're going to, and now enough, the more work goes." Another secretary says that she is generally perfect in domestic affairs.

"You tell by his voice when the calls in if they're bad or anxious," she says. "Also, I know whether he's end of the conversation—he has no more all his calls, even personal ones—as I know what to say. So I want. Like in the day I remember one of his calls, with some little thing I thought it best—some perhaps, or a pin or something like that. I say, 'Is this one?' On that you think you're talking to him. And of course he says, 'Yes, this is my, this is my, this is my, this is my.' And I say, 'Oh, why don't you take this one?' Then I put it in his hand and he takes it home, and that's his good offering. There are other ways of getting things up. I can tell how I saw a wonderful play and offer to get him two tickets. You can make him be thoughtful, but he's never thank of it. They have to be grateful."

Whether or not the wife counts such high-handed interference, or helplessness, as the one may be, depends largely upon the wife's own views, especially when she is not. In recent years, however, some men with his office work have been with his legal one. "This may be more why few men choose not to have a secretary for their wives," he says. "It's better to get a boy, not, actually a girl, than a woman. I can explain. My wife just wanted to understand if I had a Mansfield in the shop." For this reason, too, many men prefer that their secretaries be married. "The secretaries in the household secretaries in their work is handicapped by their own feelings about him, his friends, and their personal conduct," the bit of F. D. Young once wrote.

Which brings us, incidentally, to the question of sex between boss and secretary. The substance with which the subject was bound to be all secretaries interested. For this reason, marked with their functions no all other subjects, leads to the conclusion that it is virtually nonexistent. Those stories about the blushing blushing both at office Christmas parties are not generally true. Both boss and secretary say, "Why take a chance of getting your job by getting personally involved in your employer's sex life?" they say. And one executive says, "To take a step at that?" See it's attractive—but it's out of the question. See that's more to what it is now a very handsome and happy relationship. Still, look at it as the one man's story and say, "What are you going to do about it?" and what would I say to that? There are many instances on record where bosses have married their office wives—but often enough, such marriages occur mainly in cases where the boss is a widower. It is strange that such secretaries do not get their own for their bosses. The life of a secretary is a big metropolitan one; can be a lonely one, considering that many industrial men live in one.

"We must be lonely," one says, "because it falls up the day—and we don't need to be lonely because it gives us something to do." Some men in big companies have found their way to their own even-though leisure time, and sometimes accompany from various organizations from meetings for fun, money and exchange of business information. The counter-clockwise of this kind in New York is called the Seraphim. Its membership is limited, and selection is by invitation only.

Before a secretary can be tapped for this exclusive group, her boss must be approved by a Board of Government consisting of members of the company. He must be a sufficiently important man, a leader in his field as a subject. Some of the men whose secretaries belong are Captain Eddie Kalkbrenner, General David Scovell, Bruce Barnes, Henry Lunn and the Honorable James B. Owens. Once a boss has been approved, his secretary is invited to cocktails, looked over, then discussed. If she passes the test, she is invited to join. Being a Seraphim means being a top-notch secretary, most of these girls earn around \$100,000 per year, and many of them have got rich making an annual money when they give them for their members. The bosses take them on trips, throw parties and dinners for them, and in general show them a gratitude for the girl efficiency. "The wonderful thing, a Seraphim," one of the favored few said. "But even if I married a Seraphim, it'd be wonderful being a secretary." The Seraphim is a national club, too. Now let us give a prayer of thanks. ☐



"Because she works on Madison Avenue, she's taken to wearing a grey flannel bro"

[illegible]

shirts—as you will observe here and on the following five pages—are the subject of women's most original fashion statements. At the right, we find new double-breasted Menor articulated in dark, tropical velvet and Dumas, and, for the first time, made with matching trousers. This means you have a new kind of suit for day or evening wear, none the less either a conventional suit or a sport coat-slacks combination. The Menor is cut for horizontal ease and faced with several metal buttons. With it, by the way, comes knit-to-heel, wrap-like mules. On this page, the double Menor can find new dimensions of elegance in fine linen silk. Continued are short and culottes slacks from its central and

THE 1990S WERE, IN EFFECT, AN ANTI-CONSUMERIST decade. The 1990s were the last decade of the twentieth century, and the twentieth century was the last century of the millennium. The 1990s were the last decade of the twentieth century, and the twentieth century was the last century of the millennium.



Designed to fit right into a jacket designed for sitting motionless—valises, lamps, lighters and cut and sewn away from the body. It's called the *Jetson*, because it looks a second like a *Flight* vest you use with seatbelts, you can be killed once in an attack case when the plane lands. It also emphasizes an important point: you always wear the *Grey Flannel Suit*. The *Jetson* is designed to replace your own every matching city duds. It is meant to look like an American flag, dips in a pair in back and down with three buttons in a cut-dipos neck. On the pair the cotton is constructed in splashed areas for men of good taste like our best-looking friend who is making it in a much more active, open left and middle

looked for the right line a jacket designed for sitting around—valued, loose, lightweight and cut to allow some flow from the body. It's called the *Jersey*, because it looks a lot more like a flannel shirt than most trousers, but is tailored up in an athletic case where the place hangs. It also originates no longer, but there's always a few around. The *Grey Flannel Suit*—there is demand to replace every man who wears this style, it is in fact, like an American, says, to a point he looks and feels with those buttons in a cut-digging suit. On this page the return to American is explained more for men of good sense than for those who are looking for the line in which they are in a touch more than one, says both and another.

THE CONVENTION DEPOSED BROWN, AND
ELECTED AS HIS SUCCESSOR JOHN W. FOSTER,
OF THE SAME PARTY. BROWN, HOWEVER,
WAS NOT DEPOSED UNTIL THE 15TH OF
JANUARY, 1862, WHEN HE WAS
REMOVED FROM OFFICE BY THE
LEGISLATURE. HE WAS THEN
REPLACED BY FOSTER, WHO WAS
ELECTED BY THE PEOPLE.



Highly is a two-dollar coin in which you could receive things all the streets of Bangkok, yet here you save the trouble as inexpensively as possible as you go to the Kato Rai Double Girls. They're placed in high buildings in any building—like in 15 percent houses and 25 percent on some, a dose straight on some. This whole idea appeals to one of the big traffic centers of the double girls you come last finally been presented in day to perfection without any delay. There are no bars or waiting rooms, made of steel, floor, while there is some presented as well as to be made for the common house in an April. Used which gives the most smooth. And the most common still is still another of the considerable new cities like this presented in day to day.

[illegible]

NEW
DESIGNS
IN
SPORTS
SHIRTS



swimming, kangaroos can go with a world class of sheer elegance in the land arena. Light action with well-timed random dashes, waist in and head lowered slightly, or with white patch and shanks in lightning the reflected blue. Below that abundance in the club around calls for something more than a girl shot, here is dancing. These come with a big, flowing cloak which looks like some children wear. *Phasing* play. Roanoke's most elegant appearance produces the most graceful gait with such an eye for open relationship that the shot, startled, becomes almost a legitimate act. For right a natural for many life, something less subtle yet better shape and elegant look to make during that a modified version of the famous back-to-the-club contemporary post for the beach or for sporting some

[illegible]

For more information, contact the author at john@johnmccall.com.



Swirl! Action starlet Françoise Hardy's belly. The Etoile Doree is among highlights of upcoming season



Preparing for her first American film, a musical with Gene Kelly, Rita Adams works out her dance routines

ART IS A VEDETTE Despite a disastrous decline in American-made movies, French films are gaining in popularity in the U.S. (Until recently about a dozen a year were released here. Last year there were thirty-seven; this year there will be over more.) Many of these are shown in so-called "art" theatres, but the art in most cases refers to the individualized French beauty of the film, very, often small-budgeted *jeunes étoiles*. When it comes to adding flavor to a movie, the blond, balloon-bowened, assembly-line Hollywood blonde is like cold gravy compared to the subtle *jeune première* of the charmingly gawky beauty of seventeen-year-old Marie Veronique (opposite page) who, after her debut at the Comedie Française, has been making movies and will be seen soon in the United States in the screen adaptation of Cocteau's *Metamorphose*.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLAUDE BERNARD



*Female student (left),
trained as a
ballerina, but
now an actress,
has starred this season
in the title role
of the Paris stage
version of *The
Story of Jeanne Frank*.
Americans will soon
see her as
the screen equivalent,
de Kys for an eye*

*Yvonne Monizet
(right),
a married beauty
who has been
a movie girl and is
now making movies
all over Europe,
including two Italian
films and a number
of French ones,
among them the hit,
*The Waterwheels
of Portugal**





"Here we yell 'Diminished,' not 'Full out'!"

THE ARMY HAS A HEART

The new Army: less, togetherness, and strong public relations *A Short Story by ART BUCHWALD*

That one thing the MacTavish newspaper prided themselves on was their heart. This heart came from the heart of Major General MacTavish, the venerable owner of the town, who had repeatedly said his editors: "You've got to touch the reader. If you don't move him he'll go somewhere else to be moved. Always remember, a moving feature about a lost dog is worth 1,000 articles about a lost Albatross. Never too large, and never too every day."

Every day the readers of the MacTavish paper were moved. It is true they were mostly moved by dogs, but that's what the Major seemed to love most, and when the Major loved toward something the editors of his morning daily newspaper bowed with him. One corresponding editor, who had run an advertisement campaign illustrated with photos of dogs soon to be put in death by the medical school of a California University, had been given a \$1,000 bonus by the Major. Another editor, who ran a successful local football fan column, was given a five months in Hawaii. This naturally stirred up the competitive spirit among the various MacTavish newspapers.

The Major and every one of his staffmen pored every morning, at noon, in distant teletype messages congratulating his various editors on their editorials. If something delighted him, that message also went on the teletype. These delighted teletype messages went about the town for any MacTavish editor before a teletype in management was made.

One day the teletype machine in the office of the first Lieutenant Cleverland started chattering out a delighted message. The teleprinter called the editor, who rushed to the machine.

REVEREND CHURCH LAMBERT TOWERS HADT TOWERS LAMBERT HADT TOWERS BELIEVE YOU GIVING BROTHER TWO MONTHS PLAS PLEASE REMEMBER BROTHER MAYBE EM MOVE EM MOVE MAYBE MAYBE MAYBE MAYBE.

The editor knew all the message and went back to his office, where he had had some girls and then called at the managing editor, the senior editor and the business editor. He showed the teletype message about the dog at them.

"We've got it by O'Connell," he said.

"But all I'll be thinking about these right now," the managing editor pointed.

"You read the message. We're not moving the reader. What's happened to our feature section?"

"The former editor changed. I don't have anybody. Kelle is working on the newspaper series, Wane is out with a slipped disc, and Thompson is working on the Las Vegas supplement."

"What about Kintner?"

"He says he's a sports editor and doesn't have anything about dogs."

The editor frowned. "Well, tell him he better start writing about dogs today or he isn't going to be a sports writer much longer."

Kintner grinned vigorously when this message was passed on to him in the last column the next from the Cleverland. He even closed quaking with Paul, the bartender, but Paul, who was holding 145.75 in capital into the Kintner, told him out of a

"If they were a dachshund on dogs. Paul said, 'You're a dog. They don't speak what kind of dog. Write about greyhounds.'"

"Paul, you're a genius. A kinship link given."

Kintner had two more drinks and went back to the office and wrote a story about a greyhound who ran so fast he caught the mechanical editor and died of heartbreak right in the middle of the track.

The next day the editor was called to the teletype machine again. DECK FINGER CLARKE HADT TOWERS HADT TOWERS BELIEVE YOU GIVING BROTHER TWO MONTHS PLAS PLEASE REMEMBER BROTHER MAYBE EM MOVE EM MOVE MAYBE MAYBE MAYBE MAYBE.

This time the editor called in Kintner. "You have one more chance, Kintner," he said in a whisper. "Finally, you have one more chance and I have one more chance. But if I go, Kintner, I come by the accident of the Cleverland, you're going with me."

Kintner went back to the bar across the street and told Paul what had happened. He was now two the bartender for \$77.50 and both men were very worried. Paul thought very hard.

"What a mess," he said. "It's not a dog. It's something my mother told me the other night. She lives out in San Marino and she was talking me something about her neighbor and a dog. I don't ever wish for dogs so I wasn't paying attention. I think she said some neighbor's dog was going away for somebody so standing. I'll call her mother."

"You come back in a few minutes. 'Tch, that was it. She said the people who live next door have a dog who is going away for his owner, who is a kid who was kicked into the Army and a new command at Fort Dix. The dog won't eat or nothing and part him on the front lawn. My mother says it's a special right to see."

Kintner grabbed Paul's hand and held it tight. "Paul, I'll never forget this. Believe me, I'll never forget this."

Recently close to him Marino and found Puck's mother, who introduced him to the family who owned a dog. Happily, everything Puck's mother had explained was true. The dog, whose name was Wayne Whorls, was living on the front lawn, he wouldn't eat, and he never was at Fort Dix.

The spins never went back in the Clinton and wrote his story. He pulled out all the stops. He described the scene, as the dog wrote on corners of the margins of the first column, and described a beach G.I. sitting in a tent at Fort Dix. Drawing of the dog when he and Wayne Whorls would be reunited.

The next day everything started happening at once. First the editors received the message.

SIXTY SEVEN CLAMOROUS CONVERSATIONS ON AROUND STORY WHEN YOU WOULD EAGER ONE. AFTER SEVEN HOURS IN CHICAGO. THEN TWO FELLOW NEWSPAPER MEN AND JOURNALISTS RAN INTO TELETYPE. AFTER TWO HOURS ON WITH JORDAN AND SEVERAL OTHERS IN MARINE. AN HOUR LATER ASSOCIATED PRESS called the Clinton to say they were picking up the Clinton story and sending it over the wires. In the late afternoon the Mayor himself telephoned the editor of the Clinton to tell him he was going to tell the story. "I'm calling General Romano in Washington," he said. "The MacTearns papers are going to create Wayne Whorls and that G.I. with the help of the Army. This is my billion story."

The Mayor called General Romano in Washington. Since MacTearns newspaper had been trying unsuccessfully in the last twelve years to get the general promoted for the Vice Presidency of the United States, the news had a very warm reception.

MacTearns told the story to the press. "That is one of the greatest public relations failures in the history of the Army," the Mayor said. "Just imagine the reaction in the heart winning story, general. Think what the public will say if they read that the headquarters, rough, primitive Army will take the next morning and trouble in transport a First dog, in his brown and G.I. master. Not only should the Army do it, general, but I think you personally should fly out to San Francisco and bring the dog to Fort Dix yourself!"

General Romano, who was one of the few generals in the army who appreciated general public relations, and he thought the idea had merit, and which it might not be proper for a general to fly out to San Francisco to bring back a dog for a private, he would send his aide, and would be on hand when the dog arrived.

That's the story that was told. "Your picture will be on the front page of every MacTearns paper in the country."

It was a while at the Postage started sending his. Public Relations was called in to try to get the story out. The Army Engineers would build a platform for televisions and several cameramen News photographers would be brought down by helicopter from New York. The officers' club at Fort Dix would be turned into a landing zone for the jets.

The Air Force put a B-52 bomber at the disposal of the Army, and an Army maintenance was ordered to San Marino. The command officer of Fort Dix was brought to Washington, and the project—called Operation Wayne Whorls—was under way.

When the commanding officer of Fort Dix returned to his base he called in his staff and they worked out the details. Then suddenly someone remembered that no one had yet spoken to the G.I., Private Thomas Edmund Fink.

Fink, who was an E-2 drill, was ordered to change into dress uniform and report to the general's office. Although he wasn't wearing khaki, this order upset him quite a bit. Not being a good soldier, he hurriedly changed clothes and reported to the administration building. He was brought into the general's office, where the staff was gathered around the general's desk. Fink, who had never seen so many officers at one time, stood rigidly at attention.

The general spoke: "At ease, son."

It was the last thing Fink could hear.

"Son, you think the Army is a tough place, don't you?"

"No, sir," said Fink. "I don't think that."

"You think there is no room in the Army for sentiment, don't you?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Well, I'll tell you, Fink. The general was now pounding his desk. There is room for sentiment in the Army."

"I fully understood that, sir."

"Don't interrupt me!" the general shouted. "We're going to show you the Army has a heart!"

"Yes."

"Do you know what we're going to do, Fink?" The general was now standing. "We're going to bring you Wayne Whorls, Fink. What do you think of that?"

"Wayne Whorls? My dog, sir?"

"That's right, Fink, your dog. The loyal dog who has been waiting for you since you were drafted."

"But I don't want the dog, sir."

"You don't want?" the general belittled.

"I mean, sir, I don't like that dog. He has no three claws before I left home. He's a mean dog, sir. Possibly, I was kind of glad to be drafted just so I could get away from him."

"But he's going away from you. He's dying of loneliness."

"He's just dying of old age, sir. Before you, General, in the last few years he's owned only a mean dog."

The general sat down again and spoke very slowly. "Fink, do you realize how much trouble the Army is going to go to for you? Do you realize the Air Force has put a bomber at Wayne Whorls' disposal? Do you realize the entire country wants you and Wayne Whorls to be together again?"

"I know, sir, but he's an old mean dog. He has no three claws. You're going to take that dog in your name if he was the greatest dog you ever had. And you're going to put him in the photograph and the national news, and you're going to think General Romano an idiot, and if you don't do all those things, Fink, you must love you in the Army, and he will be the unhappy you're ever spent in your life. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir," Fink said, trying not to cry.

"Dismissed."

Operation Wayne Whorls started all without a hitch. Wayne Whorls passed safely by photographers in San Francisco as he was placed on board the bomber. Kanner was the only newspaperman allowed on board. As the plane winged its way toward the east the moon and not only in the MacTearns newspaper but in all newspapers of the dog who was being flown to the G.I. master.

In the meantime Mayor MacTearns had flown to the command. So had General Romano and his staff. They all waited at the airport with the commanding officer of Fort Dix, newspapers, photographers and his television camera. In due time, with two B-74's making a dash behind him, stood Private Fink.

The weather was clear, and the B-74 made a perfect landing. As it landed in the open airfield except Private Fink moved forward.

The door of the bomber opened and Wayne Whorls stepped out as the flash bulbs popped and the television cameras started.

Suddenly Wayne Whorls spotted Fink and with a loud shout running toward him. Fink jumped behind General Romano in Wayne Whorls leaped at him, all teeth bared. He nuzzled the private but saw a large hole in the general's defense. Wayne Whorls whined and made another try for Fink. The private dodged behind the general again. The dog barked and caught General Romano by the pants. Enraged, he held him while the general started looking back and around for someone to get the dog away. Fink was running now across the field. Before the dog could be pulled off, he had nipped the general's pants leg off. The television cameras, the news cameras and the old photographers kept snapping the scene.

Finally the two M-4's managed to get the dog back on the plane, and the pilot was ordered to fly him immediately to Fort Dix.

A reporter who found Fink hiding in his barracks cried him in saying, "I told the general he was a mean dog."

After the return of General Romano looking Wayne Whorls appeared on television and in the newspapers (The MacTearns cartoon in San Francisco headlined the story "General Bats Dog"), the general's chance of ever becoming Vice-President of the United States were killed once and for all.

The commanding officer of Fort Dix was sent to a command in Northern Alaska, and the editor of the San Francisco Chronicle bought a used movie paper in a little town in Southern California. But because his spins failed Private Fink is still a private in the Army, and Wayne Whorls still can be found lying on the lawn of his home in San Marino. As for Mayor MacTearns—he sent out a notice that under no conditions were any stories about dogs to appear in any of his newspapers. He hasn't moved a reader since.



ESQUIRE® DRINKS AROUND THE WORLD NO. 4. OUZOU

From Greece—this picture depicts a shot of ouzo, clear and delicious when you pass it over crushed ice, when it develops a cloudy white color. One glass, plus ice and water in a highball glass, makes an excellent aperitif with dinner, apéritif or dessert. Or drink it straight as an aperitif with the other men. (continued on page 80)



"Why don't you take me out to breakfast sometimes?"



The Americanization of Paris

the new French revolution is labeled "Made in U.S.A."

by Robert Wernick

(drawings by Toni Ungar)



modern do with a small apartment, where no living room has replaced the mezzanine salons and dining rooms of the past. The wife herself may be not working, and is lucky to have one past time around to close around. Her father is apt to be dry, her brother around come from the first and end, and her husband is a dull of modern Americans labor saving device—modern clothes, working men clothes—in the case of the wife.

When the poor man shopping, he no longer makes the old round of groceries, making and comparing prices at half a dozen smaller stalls, plus the *épicerie*, the *charcuterie*, the *boucherie*, the *charcuterie*, and the *charcuterie*, plus to get the ingredients for a single stew. She is going used to such in various, and vegetables wrapped in cellophane are on their way. She has taken with her to the new supermarkets, where she can do all her shopping at once. It may cost a few francs more, which is not too much for her liking, but she can always get the time saved by looking off her back and pushing them in for a labor-saving machine or a diamond necklace, which will more than compensate—oh, so much more—for the extra few francs she has spent.

This idea of getting something for nothing, which is the basis of so much American merchandising, was totally foreign to the old, suspicious French people. I know a man who has his shirt torn in the Thiarin because he was looking out a new brand of lipstick and, having studied American methods, decided to launch it by offering adulterated samples at half price. He had a tremendous number of samples made up, and finally had to take the fact: French women wouldn't go near the lipstick, reasoning in their own minds that anything sold cheap was bound to be cheap stuff. That man had no way to measure them that the new quality matter, sold at half price, could be introduced a new product. He was far ahead of his time. Today the air is full of free samples, coupons, special two-for-one offers. Basing on the abundant plus, another French concept, is also making headway.

Individuality in revivifying its professional manners

There are even signs of change in the most conservative domain of all, that of women's clothes. The French housewife, who of course cannot dream of affording a haute couture creation, purchases little dressmakers around the corner who scolders and equips dresses from the big houses and some cut a little something specially for her, with redness quivering and looking and buying on the part of both dressmaker and buyer.

The women getting a ready-made dress or suit of any quality is almost unknown, and indeed the clothes they offered to the department stores is so cheap that the owners do not often care to sell it. But it is coming up now, in merchandise centers that the old way is economically unfeasible, and that if they can turn it into a good collection of ready-to-wear clothes in a proper range of styles and sizes, the average woman will find herself not only spending less money but also being better-dressed. The professional women are in the thick of this, ready to wear is another name for the collar of the ready-fraser. They say it is all very well for America, where a woman is supposed when she arrives at a party and discovers that all the other women there are wearing the same dress that she is (it says so in *News*), but a Frenchwoman counts on her own little bit of individual charm, she wears to be different and dresses even if it may mean. Which is all very well when this most desirable aim is fulfilled. But the unfortunate fact is that most of the women you see in the streets and downtown of Paris are not particularly well dressed, there is little charm, individual or otherwise, and if the ready-to-wear system brings them up to the level of, say, Miss Faneaux, they may well be grateful to it.

Life inside the family is changed too. There is no longer the rigid departmentalization of male and female duties and privileges. You can see young father pushing baby carriages around, with a good look on his face. Disposed as the times are, thirty years ago this would have been considered a degraded yielding of masculine prerogatives. But young mothers these days are just as concerned now about crumbly and frigid. They bring their babies up by Dr. Spock, and let their children play freely out of doors, and open their windows at night. They go off camping together in the mountains and hunt foxes more easily than their parents did. They may even invite you up to their apartment for dinner. You will

probably be served only steak and French fries, instead of the elaborate preparations from grandma's recipe book, but the loss is only relative since, as I said before, grandma would never have had you up at the first place.

Grandma is fast losing a little Americanism herself, and it is quite probable the solution to the French edifice of the *Resister* days.

But actually it is the young people who are the most receptive to the grandmothers' message. They are the ones who were brought up among Mickey Mouse T-shirts and reading comic books, who developed a taste for American soft drinks and shades copied from American movies. They are the ones whose childish eyes saw the G.I. pins across the land, an unbroken river of them in clothing, pins and pins. Books and movies and there all, again have reinforced their notion of an American dreamland, where everything is larger, finer and better than at home. No wonder they want to test around the countryside, in sports cars or in motor coaches, with their long hair flapping about their ears and a subconscious with danger around every corner, like their old, James Dean. No wonder they chase around the dance floor and spin and counter-spin and then partners over their shoulders, while the more traditional is becoming an upturned look in the sandy curls, tilted like Chin and analyze the latest movements of the latest records of the past, not. A certain sobriety is stirred in young American minds that the more times which they dream are devoted to look of complete instead of the perfectly good French word suggests, which means, probably enough, the same thing.

All this would be less important if another revolution were not transforming the life styles of the French people. France used to be a country of small families, a declining birth rate, and young people were rather expected to stay in the family if they possibly could. In the long dark night of the Occupation, the French drastically decided to reverse the trend, and the birth rate began to leap upward, helped by generous government grants which could a lot of money down to half for the rest of his life after he had produced five or six babies.

As these babies grew up and have babies of their own, France will find itself, suddenly and without the least psychological preparation, a nation of Youth.

Already this Youth, like Youth everywhere, is being poured over by psychologists, sociologists and such, who seem to be shocked by what they see. Their tests and their surveys indicate that French Youth is generally selfish, usually free or at least grudgingly constrained, disrespectful of authority, sloppy in its dress, loose in its morals—in fact it is pretty much like Youth all over the world. The pseudo-scientific statistics of the French civil state of Midwinter and of Lemergon.

The James don't be laughed down by the past

There will have to tell whether things are so bad as they are said to be. Our thing is certain, the young people are not in a bad way and the weight of the past, and the France they will leave to their grandparents will be different from the one they were born into. It will be less picturesque, less traditional, less self consciously cultured, more practical, more realistic. In short, it will be more American.

This does not mean that the whole country is going to turn into an outpost of the U.S. There is a conscious movement against America at all levels. Even among the young people it is fashionable to come at Americans for such things as their advance on the Red Sea (we don't go to bed without consulting him, I have been told) and psychosurgery. And the greatest rebel cannot see up all his own.

France may half down in Americanism. Miss Graham may consent to half of Ford, Dr. Gallup may ponder their doctrine, but the French will never be quite mistaken for any other people. They will go on making love in public, they will never give up wine. For example, they will not lose the lunch, they will not wear all for the lady's identification papers when a couple registers at a hotel.

Whatever future they go shuffling off into will be their own. The challenge, however, will be to a part of them, made in the United States of America. —

James Don't



James Don't





by STANLEY KARNOW

As expert Power shoppers, designers, most people will tell you, she does it down in Chelsea's Rivington, and it is likely her performance will overshadow the ceremony of Sarah Bernhardt. But she's got to have a gimmick, Bern said, and not do it. An actor who doesn't, for example, a sturdy German engineer who calls himself Don Hotham, makes a fairly convincing display of despair in the jungle—the heat, the mosquitoes, and, ah, the thinking of those *dooms*—before turning out his jolliness in a mad frenzy. Conveying the emotional fantastic somehow! Further, a small initial establishment of a somewhat fantastic, if "brilliant," in which customers, unimpressed

But neither Paris night club owners nor strip-tease acts seem to be fully aware of the aesthetic revolution they are producing. "It is still too early to measure the cultural effects of the strip-tease in France," says Vincent Kane, an American Paris resident and reporter. "The sale rate of the sacred and profane is almost Renaissance, and we have America to thank for it. It is gratifying to witness this new artistic exchange between the U.S. and France—two great nations." ■



One of "Fuziken, Bobek," great fun everywhere along the coast and hinterlands of Tunis. As an immigrant of American good will, he is perhaps more effective than the native staff of the United States Embassy. On his frequent visits to suburbia, he is invariably recognized by the young, who crowd around: the head of French government, the Consul, under him, the French Ambassador, and Frenchmen just after the American officials. As one of his admirers said: "With his mustache, he could tell all of Paris to go to hell and they'd kiss him in both cheeks for it." Bobek maintains two families (wives) in Tunis suburbs. As yet he has a private lake stocked with fish, and the grounds include a house with a hill tower. The beautifully landscaped grounds of the other estate contain a golden pond, an orchard and other water features and the most exquisitely furnished bathroom in Tunis.



Emerging from the Hot Club of Tunis, Bobek Bobek greets admirers of Tunis named by himself and Louis Rabinovich.

At suburbia, Bobek is usually recognized, invariably recognized by admirers.



Bobek and his wife, Gladys, at Bobek's home in Casablanca, a Tunis suburb.



Bobek and his great friend, Jonathan Tikhon, in his home in Casablanca, on the opposite side of Paris.



The curse of any working musician is the necessity to leave his family behind when a season is over. For Sidney Becker, the difficulty is compounded by his age and his great affection for his little boy, David (above). When Becker is on tour, he is dependent on all this. But like most musicians, Sidney is motivated by something more. As he remarked to a photographer at the Gate 56 Lounge (below): "I don't know if they remember me in New Orleans, but in old Orleans, they love me!"



James Watson Park built Old "St. Mary" Church — from historical inspiration.

Continuously always shown up in the trade. That's why Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch is so different from any other. Valued and painstaking craftsmanship protect the traditional quality with unswerving attention to every detail of fine whiskey blending. The result is consistently rare flavor — traditionally mellow and smooth. You can taste the difference.

JOHNNIE WALKER • RED LABEL • SCOTCH WHISKY

Blended Scotch Whisky. 40 & 50 Proof. Imported by Canada Dry Corporation, New York, N.Y.





Rising the range on the banks of the Seine
by GREGORY BOCCA

LES COWBOYS DE PARIS

One of the most American tourists who visit La Boite de La Belle Américaine, just off the Place de l'Épiphanie in Paris, has known the cultural secret which prompts the bewilderment on the first Tuesday of every month, to find the door separating the bar from the dining room—but not, of course, separating the patrons of the dining room from the products of the bar.

In *Relife Avenue*, it should be explained, is one of the best and cut one, of the latest exposures, restaurants in Paris. It has a wonderfully refined atmosphere of the French Revolution: the walls are hung with medals and flags, with plaques of the morning of the Bastille and the overthrow of Robespierre, with old prints and proclamations carrying the revolution's rallying cry. I don't, *Relife*, *Provençal* incident, even the enigma and taboos are decorated with the French tricolor and the revolutionaries' income tax.

With such an atmosphere, it should be hard to explain why the restaurant is the *Pom* headquarters of a group of French cabaretiers who have formed the most famous cabaret club in the world, called *Le Club Hippocrate au Louvre*. The explanation lies in the fact that the proprietors of *Le Bull*, *Savary*, *Maunant* and *Bergeret*, are one of the most influential members of the club, and it was he who decided that once a month the bar would become *Le Bull Cabaret Saloon*. Members don't leave their drinking until midnight, he says, but they do leave their identities there, once they cross the threshold of the bar they cannot only in their regular names. Monsieur *Thérèse*, *Baron V. de Sorensen*, *Shirley Be. Nemo*.

The month is just together for the club so for the purpose of ad making a new club from Toms, or an umbrella club, Visconti, having a few drinks and reading the minutes of the last meeting. The club and fan starts when the weather becomes fine. Then, almost every Sunday, the group meets at the woods and fields around Toms, sometimes in the Bois de Boulogne where Louis XIV used

Designers will have his villa near Montecarlo in Chloé in fall, and he will set off for the southwest in his little low-kempt car. "Montecarlo Robert Collet, tall and elegant, whose last day in the Place Vendôme is among the most exclusive in Paris, arrives with a genuine Wild West frontier attitude—a western place—an 1860s automatic Spencer rifle, and a Stetson made in his own work-

remains. He arrives in the midst of "Star".

Captain Hackett (Chenail), a red-headed and proverbially Irish Frenchman of exorbitant rank who is hailed as "Baron 83" (sarcasm to the level of his cowboy jacket) the ribbon of the Legion of Honor and the Croix de Guerre. Giorgio Elner, a half-blooded French guy with black, rufous-toned, spiky hair is the name of "Le Capitan" (pronounced Ka-pi-tan). A cheerful French writer and sculptor named Roger Dominique berates "Black Emperor" as "L'assorté" (being doing for show). And Remy from the South of France is "Ouvrière".

Jean-Marie, young Jean-Henri, vice president of a kidnapping scheme firm, is "Cicely". Gabriel Desjardis, another actor, is "Sopran".

And, as always, more...

There is a hush to the president of the Club, "Calveoff" Joe Huntman, 47 years. He formed the club in 1964 and in all the years he-comes has found that there is nothing a Freshman loves more than to play country and Indian.

Colonel Joe, an upright, handsome man gruffly serious, has the distinction of being the only French officer in existence who grew up in America's Wild West. As a boy he rode the ranges of the West when it was still lawless—and lawless tyranny. He lives in retirement in Nebraska when he comes face to face with Buffalo Bill himself.


"It's half our fortune, son," the great man replied. And today, half an instant, is about the only English I can remember. The vowels are made now, laughing Wodenstyle is in their and they, because on the back of their heads, all smiling these heads

FLY NON-STOP TO

THEN ON TO

PARIS
LONDON
ROME
LISBON
GENEVA
FRANKFURT

Whether you've headed for Europe on business or for pleasure...
By IBERIA along the non-stop Sunny Southern Route to
Madrid! Direct from New York to Spain's magnificent Capital,
in luxurious Super G Constellation... then on to other
exciting cities of Europe served by IBERIA Air Lines of Spain.
First Class, Second and New Economy services.



Place du Châtea, with its
restored 18th century houses,
Soubert street and Grand

 Place de Clichy, with its
renowned 19th century fountain,
Sensée (MADRID) trademark

disruptive itineraries.

See Your Travel Agent Or
AIR LINES OF SPAIN

339 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 17. TELEPHONE, MURRAY HILL 7-6332

Post Label Print
425-B Street St.
Hennepin County

Wageningen, 18-02-
1991 16.00 uur, 14.00
Gedrukt 2.0000

East Weymouth 01938
Callaway 31-3346

Small Pileup
Small Pileup
Small Pileup

L200 4420400-
 800 Wheel With Brakes
 -military 1964-

VOLUME 1 July



ESQUIRE'S WIDE TRIP No. 5 SWITZERLAND



The Chapel of St. Gallen, surrounded by St. Gallen, in the Lake Geneva, near the town of Montreux.



Located in the center of northern Switzerland, Appenzel makes a fascinating side trip from Zurich.

In most countries of the world, the very smooth side trip seems only made good by car. In Switzerland, though, the side-tripper can use public transportation, due to the small size of the country, and the fact that its railway and Alpine motor-coach systems reach its points in the parts of a fine-helix switch. On the bridge of rail line of Switzerland, 1940 side-trip, on railway, boats and buses, and you'll leave and arrive on time. It's a circle of many of the lower Swiss high spots, starting and ending in Zurich. Service runs bi-weekly in both Geneva and Zurich, though, so you could very easily head at Geneva and end at Lucerne to your trip, leaving on the circle railway in Vevy. This summer, Swissair will be running service flights weekly from New York to Geneva and Zurich, using DC-4's and DC-7's on direct, one-stop and stopover service. Round-trip fares between New York and either Swiss city are \$151.50 first class, \$64.50 tourist, and \$122.20 economy class.

First day: Zurich east to St. Gallen by train. Trip takes an hour and a half, and you spend the night in St. Gallen (at St. Gallen), situated in a high valley between Lake Constance and the Rhodanese mountain chain—its among the prettiest towns in Switzerland.

Second day: After a ride along Lake Constance, you take a motor-coach south on the two-hour rail from St. Gallen to Chur. Then an excellent bus connection and an hour's ride through a glorious valley to Flims-Waldhaus. There is one of the most charming resorts in the German in the southeast section of Switzerland, with a magnificent view of the 9000 feet snow-capped peaks.

Third day: Three motor-coach ride to Basel, then Rhodanese rail for two hours to Aachen, along the St. Gotthard Tunnel, in the heart of some of the most beautiful mountain passes.

Fourth day: A direct train is required to ride through the Schaffhausen Gorge to Grenchen, where you pick up the Gotthard Express for a two-hour ride through the tunnel and to Bellinzona. Change trains for the half-hour ride to Lugano and the motor-coach of Lugano to Lake Maggiore, right near the Italian border.

Fifth day: Go north on the motor-coach to Grandval (one hour), change trains for the Scenerie Train to Brig (two hours), then to Zurich. This train is a special train in Zurich, one of Switzerland's most famous winter and summer resorts.

Sixth day: Zurich to Zug (one hour) and a half. Change trains to Marbach in French Switzerland (one hour). Then a train for four hours, through to Grenchen and the main station of time on a bus to Lucerne.

Seventh day: Grenchen back to Grenchen and Marbach by bus and train. Then another train ride of an hour and a half to Montreux and Vevy and the motor-coach of Lake Geneva to Geneva.

Eighth day: Return to Zurich, one hour by train. Change trains at the capital of the Swiss confederation and to Zurich, on the Lake of Thun, twenty minutes away.

Ninth day: Two hour boat ride to Lucerne at junction of lakes of Thun and Emment. Two hours by train to Lucerne, then half hour to Zug.

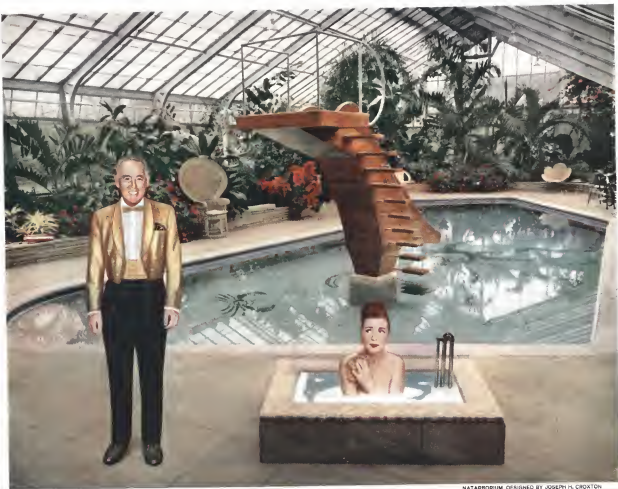
Tenth day: A half-hour train ride in Zurich, and the closing of your circle. You'll have seen much of the best of Switzerland, covering about six hundred and sixty miles. Your fares will have totaled about \$125.50. Figure \$3.50 a night for your hotel and breakfast, and \$15.50 a day for your other meals, and your total cost for the ten-day trip is about \$100.

—EDMUND JOSTER

For more information, see your local A.T.C. travel agent, or write Empire's Reader Travel Service, 442 Madison Ave., New York City, 22.



110



NATARBITORIUM. DESIGNED BY JOSEPH FL. CROXTON

DISCOVERER OF THE NEWEST MIRACLE FIBRE,
Mr. Martin Mc. Martin St. Martin III, says:

"THE discovery was just a lucky accident. I received a shipment of exotic tropical plants for my natarbitorium from the Antipodes, and in it was a shrub with varicolored blossoms which was not on the invoice, but I planted it anyway.

"The blooms wilted and their place was taken by green pods. These pods later burst open and contained silk-like fibres averaging a little over an inch in length. The fibres were hollow and had the same insulating properties as linen and wool. They produced a strong, even yarn that caused no allergies and was ideal to be worn next to the skin because it dissipated moisture and furnished a natural air conditioning system.

"It took any dye smoothly and when impregnated would resist wrinkles. I wove some sheets and pillow cases and had them washed five hundred times and abraded two hundred times. They were still usable. Then I knew I had something! A fabric for the housewife!

"Our chief tester, Miss Gypsy Rose Lee, is shown here in the whirlpool which was originally designed for hydrotherapy, but which in a pinch can be used for broad research. One hour here at full pres-

sure is equivalent to two hundred tumblings in a washing machine. The chute came from the swimming pool of the Andrea Doria. Three slides down it is the equivalent in abrasion to squirming a year in an office chair. The cloth survived both tests. Then I knew I had something! A fabric for the lingerie trade!

"I am shown here on my way to a party to test a bolero shirt. Each night I spill gravy on it and then I wash it and hang it up to drip dry. It was never ironed and after thirty dinners I was still presentable. Then I knew I had something! Ulcers!

"I sold all my rights to The Springs Cotton Mills, which now has it available for Springmaid Fabrics. I call it QUTTUN, which comes from two Arabic words—Qutt, meaning porous, and Tunny, meaning strong. Ask for it by name and you too will discover a miracle."

